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The
**DANDELION
FAIRY**

**Marjorie L.
Cooley**





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The DANDELION FAIRY
and GYP'S LICENSE

MARJORIE L. COOLEY

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BY
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DEDICATED TO
MY LOYAL
"KNIGHTS OF THE
SQUARE TABLE"

The DANDELION FAIRY
and GYP'S LICENSE

THE DANDELION FAIRY

Once upon a time, in a large field covered with bright yellow dandelions, there lived a beautiful fairy. One day the fairy, whose name was Rosegold, became discontented with her beautiful bright playground and decided that she would leave home in search of adventure.

She crept to the edge of the field, where there was a garden belonging to a very rich old man. This garden was full of roses—crimson and white and pink—besides many other beautiful flowers, lilies, hollyhocks, lady's-slippers, pansies, poppies—oh, so many of them.

Rosegold slipped through a crack in the fence to a rose-bush covered with great pink blooms. Underneath the ground was strewn with the soft petals, which the roses always throw away when through with them. Rosegold picked out a very

large one, bright pink on the edges and shaded to white where it had been attached to the rose. This she half dragged and half carried back to the fence—but how was she to get it over? Suddenly a gust of wind came along, picked up the roseleaf with Rosegold still clinging to it, and whirling it up in the air let it gently down on the other side.

“Oh!” cried Rosegold, “what a delightful ride that was. I guess I’ll start my trip that way.” So she gathered some poplar down for cushions, found for the mast of her ship a fluffy little white feather which had been dropped by that monster, Mr. Chicken, when he nearly stepped on her the other day; and took two dandelion seeds, with their little white tassels, for oars.

Then, her wind-ship being all ready, Rosegold stepped in. She did not have to wait long, for soon a little puff of breeze came by. Picking her up, it carried her to the top of a nearby tree. Rosegold was a little faint from her swift ride, but soon

recovered and began to look around. Down below she could see the beautiful field of yellow dandelions she had just left, and over yonder the flower-filled garden, while on the other side a little creek danced, glittering, in the sun. Just below where her ship rested Rosegold could see a nest full of baby birds, who were sitting there with mouths wide open. This startled Rosegold at first, and she quickly drew back into her little boat, for she did not wish to slip down one of those hungry throats.

Soon there came along another gust of wind. This lifted her again and carried her swiftly through the air until presently, with somewhat of a bump, she landed—wind-ship and all—on the roof of a great house. Rosegold had now become accustomed to this strange way of riding, and when she was carried even farther, to the belfry of a great church steeple, she enjoyed the trip very much.

It was now noontime. The birds in the belfry had just quieted down, after being

so excited over her arrival, and Rosegold had started to make friends with them. Then the great bell started to ring the hour. The noise scared her very badly, and as it rang the bell shook the tower until poor Rosegold began to wish she had never left home. As the last stroke died away the wind commenced to blow even harder than before, and whistling through the belfry took Rosegold and her ship quickly away. Up, up she went. Faster and faster she flew. This was delightful, and Rosegold, grasping her dandelion oars and leaning back in her poplar cushions, sailed, and sailed, and sailed.

This time the wind did not stop, but carried her on and on, until her boat began to plow through the mists that hang about the silvery clouds on a bright summer day. Then, without any warning, the boat landed right in the middle of a big white cloud, which was moving swiftly through the air itself.

Rosegold sat quite still and looked about. Over her head she could see the

deep, deep blue sky, all dotted here and there with fleecy clouds like the one on which she was riding. That great, fiery ball, the sun, covered everything with golden rays, and all about her little, cool breezes played hide-and-seek. Looking over the edge of her wind-ship, Rosegold discovered that she was riding on what seemed to be a sheet of silver, and she could see 'way over to the edge of her cloud, where it touched the blue sky.

When she had seen all this and was rested, Rosegold thought she would like a little further adventure. She dipped her dandelion oars into the silver sea and rowed slowly, very slowly, toward the edge of the cloud. Finding there a great dew-drop she stuck an oar into it. The wet, fuzzy end soon anchored her boat, while she crept over the side. She did not sink—for she was a fairy, you know—but tip-toed along until she nearly reached the silvery edge. There, kneeling down, she lay flat on her little stomach and peered over.

It was a most wonderful sight she saw. There was a great blue sheet, sparkling as if studded with diamonds, spread out in the middle of other great sheets of bright green. Here and there were yellow sheets, like her own dandelion field; and still others of many colors, mixed. *Here* was a white ribbon, winding and twisting, and *there* was something creeping along like a small beetle. All this, you will know, was the world she had recently left, and seen from the cloud it was a sight no other fairy, nor girl or boy either, had ever before beheld. Rosegold gazed and gazed as the cloud flew over many more blue and green and yellow sheets, and had a delightful time all by herself.

After a long while the golden sun-ball began to shoot its rays out in other directions, and no longer did they fall on Rosegold's cloud, which had now become dark gray. Rosegold was beginning to feel lonesome, and wished she could crawl under one of her dandelion umbrellas, and go to sleep. But she didn't know how to

get back! Creeping to her boat, she was surprised to find that the silver sheet under her felt very sticky. It was hard work to even crawl along. It wasn't far, however, and at last she climbed over the edge of her little ship, ever so glad to be back. The dewdrop to which she had fastened her oar had all flattened out, leaving the oar right beside the boat.

By this time the sun was out of sight and Rosegold lonely and shivering, began to weep bitterly. Her tears as they dropped became solid, and rolled down into the bottom of the boat. Soon they made the wind-ship very heavy, and almost before poor Rosegold knew it the ship had drifted toward the edge of the big gray cloud. The silver sheet also seemed to be moving, and soon Rosegold, wind-ship and all, sailed quite off the cloud. She was not all alone, however, for the silver had turned to dewdrops and raindrops, and the air around her was filled with them.

At first Rosegold was frightened and

did not know what was going to happen. But she sat very still, and presently the boat alighted on an extra big drop. It carried her gently down for a while, and then let her sail. This was a new and wonderful sensation, and Rosegold was glad that she was coming back to earth.

At last her wind-ship floated down to the roof of a tall building, called by men a "skyscraper." Here Rosegold rested for a moment; then a puff of wind slipped her ship over the edge, into a narrow court between two high buildings. Down came the raindrops on top of her, and this time they were not so gentle. They squeezed and pushed, and pushed and squeezed, until Rosegold and her little boat were shut tight in a corner by a big drain pipe, through which came a great rushing sound.

Rosegold was frightened, but glad to feel the earth under her feet once more, she drew herself into a little hole and pulled her oars in after her. Making a bed of the poplar cushions, she turned

her boat upsidedown over the mouth of the hole and went fast asleep.

Rosegold was very, very tired after her day's adventures. She slept all that night, and the next day—and the next night! When the sunshine, seeking out all the dark corners bright and early the following morning, touched Rosegold with its warm rays, she rolled over sleepily and was surprised to find that her two dandelion oars had waked up before she had. They were now so big that they were crowding her in the little hole. Soon a little white sprout appeared at each end, and almost before she knew it the little leaves had thrust themselves up into the sunshine, right through the rose-leaf boat. This of course spoiled her wind-ship, but Rosegold didn't cry. For was she not on earth again, and did not the sunshine play around her as before?

No, Rosegold just played about with the little bits of crystal sand she found in the hole, and before very long the dandelion leaves spread themselves above her,

making a cool, green sunshade. Then Rosegold climbed up on the edge of one leaf; and slipping down its stem, curled up and went to sleep right in the heart of the plant.

“Oh, Mikey! Come quick, here. Come quick. See what I found!” Mikey, puffing and excited, knelt down on the hard concrete, and looked to see what Abie had discovered. There, nestled in the dirt at the foot of the drain pipe, were two full-grown dandelion plants—something these two waifs of the tenements had never seen before. In the heart of one was a beautiful, fluffy, golden flower, covered with gold-dust; while in the other was Rosegold, all curled up—sound asleep.

The voices of the children awakened her, however, and out she sprang and hurried down among the plant roots. She was frightened and wished she were back at home. But seeing the joy she had brought to the two little children, she soon became calm again. After she had watched them a little she decided that if

she, a tiny yellow fairy, could bring such looks of happiness into the faces of these little tenement children, she would never try to get back to her own yellow field, but would stay and play with them.

So when you see a yellow dandelion stuck in a little crack, and doing its very best to grow, you must leave it there. For in among its roots there surely lives a fairy, doing her very best to make the world a brighter, happier place for someone—maybe you!

GYP'S LICENSE

"That your dog, my boy?"

Donald lifted his hand from the head of a large collie dog, and turned a startled face toward the big policeman who had spoken.

"Yes, sir, he's my dog."

"Don't see a license tag on him," continued the officer, who Donald now knew was the county dog-catcher.

"No-n-no, sir," he faltered.

"Better get one then by the fifteenth of next month," went on the policeman. "If he doesn't have one we'll have to take him away. Looks like a nice dog, too."

"Y-y-yes, sir, he is, the best dog you ever saw. Oh! you won't have to take him will you?"


"Kinda hate to, but that's the law. Better beg a dollar from your Dad and get a license. Then you'll be safe."

With that the officer turned down the street, looking for other dogs without their license tags.

The conversation had taken place on the corner, just outside the Main Grocery, where Donald had come on an errand. His purchase made, he turned homeward along the dusty road.

“Beg a dollar from your Dad.” That was what the policeman had said. Easy enough, perhaps, if one had a Dad. But Donald had none. He and his widowed mother lived alone in a little shack, and it was hard enough to make ends meet without paying out a whole dollar just for a little tag.

But if there were no tag there would be no Gyp and what would Donald do without his dog? Perhaps Gyp would be better off in the “Happy Hunting Ground,” for eating was not a regular habit. Nevertheless, Donald made up in love and comradeship what he could not give Gyp in food. They had been constant companions ever since Donald had brought



him home with a broken leg, and that was when he was a small puppy. Don's mother, Mrs. Higgins, had helped make a splint and Donald had given the dog good care, so he had grown up into a fine large yellow-and-white collie. And now perhaps just one silver dollar might separate the two chums.

"I've just *got* to find a way somehow, Gyp," said Donald as they trudged along. And Gyp wagged his tail in reply.

The days passed, and no plan could the little boy think of. He had nothing he could sell. It is hard work for small boys to earn money in the country, and the fifteenth was drawing near. The most he could get together was ten cents, try as he would—and that was nowhere near a dollar.

Finally his mother found a way.

"You trot down to the Main, Donald," she said. "Take your dime and buy a pound of white sugar. Then when you come back you can crack some of those

walnuts you got last fall, and I'll make you some candy."

Donald caught his breath in quickly. What could mother mean? Take his dime and buy sugar for candy? Why, that dime was all he had saved for the license! Yet, he mused, mother always knew the way out when there didn't seem to be any.

"Don't understand, do you, Don?" said she, smiling. "Well, my idea is this. You see the Main doesn't keep any home-made candy, and I think if we make up a real nice batch someone may want to buy it."

Then Don understood. He traveled down to the corner for the sugar just as fast as he could and spent a long time cracking and picking out walnut meats when he got home.

Mother put the sugar in a pan, with just enough water, and after it began to "string" she beat it until it was white and creamy. Then she put it on her bread-board and kneaded it very much as she did bread. Donald brought in the walnut meats, Mrs. Higgins molded a bit of the

candy into a little ball, pressed it flat, and put a walnut half on top. Donald's mouth began to water, and he did wish he could eat a few pieces, but he looked at Gyp and went out to get a breath of air. Small boys don't want things to eat so much when small boys can't see them.

At last the candy was done and Mrs. Higgins called Don.

"Come, Don," said she. "I have found a candy box that Mrs. Jordan used for those cookies she sent me last spring when I was sick. We'll put the candy in that and then we shall see what kind of a salesman you are. Run wash your face and hands, and you will find a clean shirt in your box."

When Donald came back the candy was ready.

"Now, Don, take this down to the corner by the Main Grocery and see if you can sell it. This is Saturday, and I am pretty sure someone will be along there in an automobile. Tell them who made it, and be as polite as you know how. I think

it is worth at least thirty or forty cents, though it has been so long since I have bought any I'm sure I've no idea of the price."

Calling Gyp, Donald started off down the road. It was a long, hot walk, but somehow Donald didn't mind it very much. His thoughts were on his customers; he wondered what they would be like.

About half a block from the store a tree which had at one time been struck by lightning made a seat by the roadway, and Donald sat down to rest for a minute.

There was a humming sound, and coming up the road from the opposite direction Donald spied a machine. Had his customers come already? Donald could hardly believe his eyes.

The passengers in the automobile turned and looked at the Main, and Donald could hear them say, "Yes, that is the store, I remember those white posts very well." Then they came on to where Donald was standing in the roadway.

"Oh, little boy," called the young man

at the wheel, "can you tell us whether we are on the road to Clarkston?"

"Yes, sir," said Don, cap in hand, for he had noticed a couple of young ladies and another young man in the car. "You keep right on this road, then turn to your right on the first road you come to. That goes on to Clarkston."

"Fine, I thought so," replied the man. "It won't take us long now."

"Please, wouldn't you like to buy some candy?" faltered Donald, holding up the box from which he had removed the cover, and showing it to the lady in the rear seat.

"My! that does look good. Do buy it, Jim," said she.

"All right, boy, let's have the box," said the man as he threw Donald a bill.

"B-b-but I have no change, sir," said Donald, fingering the money, and growing red in the face.

"Oh, that's all right, son. Guess it's worth it. Home-made, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," nodded Don, and that was

all he could say. The dollar was his, his! And Gyp was safe!

“By the way, you don't know a family by the name of Higgins 'round here, do you?” inquired the man.

“Why, that's us,” said Don. “You don't mean us, do you?”

“Well, if your name is Higgins, and you own the dog which I see with you, guess you're the one I'm looking for. You see we lost a collie puppy out of our machine, several months ago. I've been sick and unable to run the car for a while, so we couldn't look him up. Then when I asked the dog-catcher to save me a nice puppy when they took up those without a license, he told me there was a fine collie out here, owned by a family named Higgins. We thought he might be our puppy, so we came out on purpose to see.”

Donald was all excitement. He had the money for Gyp's license right there in his hand, and yet he might have to give up Gyp anyway.

“Well,” he said at last, “I guess Gyp's

yours—but I've had him so long it seems as if he's mine," and being only a little boy he gulped down a big sob that seemed to stick right in his throat and keep the words in.

"Does seem so, doesn't it?" said the young man. "Come on up into the old bus and we'll see what can be done. Tell me when we come to your house."

Donald climbed in, the young lady beside the driver making room for him between them.

In a surprisingly short time they reached home, and were greeted by Mrs. Higgins. After the young man had explained about the dog Mrs. Higgins told him how they had found the puppy, with his broken leg, lying in the roadway; how they had nursed him, and how Donald had tried and tried to earn money enough for a license.

"So," said the man, when she had finished, "*you* loved my little dog as much as that? While *I* didn't send anyone back to look him up. I guess he belongs to you,

after all. And just to make up for what I should have done before, I'll pay for the license this year. And you can keep the other dollar for something else you might like to buy."

And jumping into the car he started it, and calling "Good-bye," was gone before Donald could say "Jack Robinson!"

But his mother had said "Thank you" for him, which seemed to be quite enough.

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